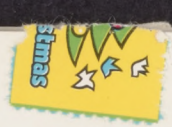
Harris - 3327 Pine
Eureka, Calif

This card is published to extend non-sectarian world-wide activities on behalf of human needs and to further understanding, fellowship and peace.

UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST SERVICE COMMITTEE, INC.
78 BEACON STREET
BOSTON, MASSAC[illegible]

DESIGN BY M. W[illegible]



EUREKA
DEC 27
PM
1965
CALIF.

KEEP THE
REDWOOD REGION
GREEN

Mrs. James Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, Calif
93924

Dear Jean – Glad you saw the Weston film – I thought it was excellent. I have been down in years past with almost everything available – including cancer followed by X ray treatments, but as of now am in relatively good shape. Working as a "lay-reader", correcting 9th grade compositions for several teachers, which – at 25¢ a paper – is no way to get rich. My long incubated book is now 2/3 done, and a couple more months (X=crossed fingers) should see it finished. Anita is just home from Reed College (she got a scholarship) for Christmas vacation – Rachel is in 10th grade @ Eureka High (a really deplorable school) and Noel is now business agent for the Plywood local he worked at. I keep expecting to get down there and in fact was invited by Katz to come along when he went down to show the film there, but had just knocked off weeks from writing & didn't want to lose any more time. Maybe next year.

There is

only

one man

in the world;

And his name

is

ALL MEN

What kind of battles have you won? Were you in the J. Basque? Love

From "Timesweep" in HONEY AND SALT by Carl Sandburg
Copyright 1953 by Carl Sandburg
Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc.

Charis Weston

1965 Chri
1965 Chri
1965 Chri

Cleare Weston

c/o French's
P.O. Richardson Grove, Calif 95440

6-30-66

Dear Jean:

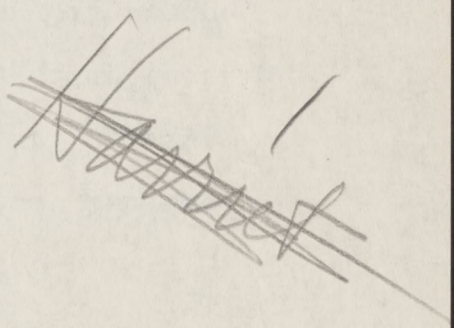
Don't think I didn't appreciate getting a letter just because it takes me a few months to answer. All fall winter & spring I have been gnashing my teeth at getting no writing done (working as a lay reader, which is correcting high school English comps, and turned out to gobble up more time than I expected) and looking forward to summer when I would X find someplace hot with swimming handy and lots of solitude and get this crazy book finished. (No, it is not autobiographical! It is that same long complicated book for the young that I have now been working at ((more off than on)) for the last 7 yrs. Polished off the first two parts last summer, and intend to finish the third and last in the next two months.)

After a week of cleaning out & setting up, I have a pretty good working layout here. The trailer I inhabit for a dollar a day is dark but has electricity, and I have an outdoor alternative when the wind isn't blowing too robustly. The weather hasn't been exactly hot so far, but I trust July will warm things up. Put on my fins and face glass this aft. and had a look at the underwater world, which is strangely naked of life (flood having washed everything clean) and the few fish look as if they are wandering around in a big empty warehouse.

Who bought the Point? It seems strange to think of you up the valley, but I agree that warmer and drier is a healthy change from too much foggy coast.

I thought your husband would enjoy the enclosure even if they spelled the name wrong. I'll get down there one of these days, at least I keep thinking I will. Are you near the J. Baez schl?

love, ch



12-29-66 Dear Jean- the summer writing orgy got me ½ through part 3 - so the book is 5/6 done. I had a chance to leap ahead the rest of the way when my ex-step-father sent me $1000, and I was tempted to take off for a warm monastery,

3

Have to have a lump taken off my foot next week which has rather damped my seasonal spirits. The gallery sounds interesting: tell me more—

New Year's cheer—

Charis

Chas Wilson · Preston Harris – Cates to Love her Rachel – in tragedy.

but reason got the best of me & I returned to my job & used it to send Rachel to Pacific High which is a far-out experimental school down on Skyline Blvd. I'm still glad I did since she is delighted with the school and it's been good for her.

C. W. % Holgers
5924 Colton Blvd.
Oakland, Calif. 94611

12-26-67

Dear Jean -

Thank you for your good letter. Noel & I separated last summer and I have been staying with friends (you may remember them) in Oakland. Have finished a typing and editing job and hope to get back to writing soon.

Warm regards to you and Jim,

Charis

Hope the gallery is going well.

12-29-70

Dear Jean:

Thank you for the print; I do like your concentrated inscrutability with crosses, fuselages, stonehenges & propellers holding their own among the other shapes.

One of these days the rain will subside (or will it?) and I'll be over to pay you a call, unless I can convince you that you should beat me to it?

And a good New Year to You & Jim — love, Paris

To:
Jean K Dickie
P O Box 25
Carmel Valley CA 93924

CHARIS WILSON
107 Farley Drive
Aptos, Calif. 95003

APTOS, CA
DEC 20
1972
PM
95003

aptos 2/2/73

Dear Jean:

O how I hope that the new room did not wipe out the wall of pipes and windows! It would seem such a fine combination to have the picture and the premises all more or less under one roof so one could go look and see where it happened.

I did get over to Carmel a couple of times while the DESNUDOS portfolio was in the works, but not with any time to spare. Next time, I kept thinking, until there wasn't any. So this year will be different?

If you see the Chronicle you may know that Leon's daughters were tied up & threatened with extinction right before Thanksgiving (along with their roommate). I had the three girls here recuperating for most of a week before shipping them back to their now divided family--sort of confusing, isnt it? so,Ramey to her parents, and Tammy & Charis to Leon in NY & later to Callie in Watertown, L & C being divorced. As a friend comments: who do you know that isn't?

Last trip to Carmel was to have lunch with Ruth Bowen who used to work for Tilly Polak in 1934 (when I first knew her) and whom I had last seen in Cle Elum in 1937. Well, at least let's not take that long to get together again.

Best regards to you and Jim,

Charis

CHARIS WILSON
107 Farley Drive
Aptos, Calif. 95003

SANTA CRUZ, CA
FEB 3
AM
1973
95060

8c
U.S.Postage

Jean Kellogg Dickie

p o box 25

Carmel Valley, CA 93924

3-16-73

Dear Jean -

Agree w you that the violence is enormously depressing — even being in 'a lovely place' seems to be no way to avoid it these days. It is hard not to cry doom when you see how often the inhuman and anti-life operations are sustained by the utter dead level of stupidity & cupidity that seems always to be managing our affairs.

I'm so glad about your show + the sales — why don't you put me on your mailing list so I'll know what you do even if I don't see?

How sad that Eric Barker died.

I had seen him a few times in Humboldt where he visited a mutual friend, & found him full of charm.

I wrote an introduction for the portfolio of E.W. nudes that Cole got out this winter (Cole & Neil were doing the project together but Neil got financially worn down & had to sell out to Cole.) The portfolio is not going like hot cakes @ this stage so I'm not in a good position to sell mine (my pay for the writing) — or so I tell myself @ the moment.

I have'nt the faintest recollection of 'making an outline for your Jeffers article' but if you say so I prof-

ably did. (My memory has far larger gaps in it than that & it surely isn't improving.) Do I deduce that you want to write a book about Papa? or about the territory 'where there was nothing' in 1891?

Anyway by all means ask me for advice — I am as full of that as ever — & let's all manage to see each other after the spring warms things up. Until then — Best to Jim — love —

Prairie

CHARIS WILSON
107 Farley Drive
Aptos, Calif. 95003

SANTA CRUZ, CA 95060
MAR 17
AM
1973

Jean Kellogg Dickie
Story Road
Carmel Valley, CA 93924

1-2-74

Dear Jean -

I thought your knitted kitty was a charmer. I'll be interested to hear what you think of the aperture monograph on E.W. You'll get an invitation to Bancroft Library reception honoring H.Wilson collection (papers Leon + I donated) but I was just being informational when I put you on the list, since I didn't imagine you'd feel like making the long drive etc. Have no idea what the doings will be like -- stuffy? pleasant? They are going to show the Laughton Ruggles - Leon is planning to be out if the planes still fly - Hope you have a good new year

Charis

Birds in a Brewing Storm: Late Afternoon

Number four in a Series of Reproductions of Paintings by East African artist, JESSE ALLEN.

JESSE ALLEN, whose paintings and lithographs are exhibited at the Vorpal Galleries in San Francisco, is a painter of uncommon originality and power. His forebears were early settlers in Africa—immigrants to the Cape in 1820 and English gypsies. His childhood and adolescence were spent in East Africa near the Rift Valley of Kenya, and the wildness, loneliness, and innocence of that landscape and its creatures—birds, animals, trees—have been preserved and metamorphosed into a new world of the painter's imagination, an inner country of the mind which these paintings, one at a time, delineate with absolute sureness and authenticity. They are not paintings *of* Africa: the animals are imaginary, as fantastic as any of the creatures of a medieval beastiary, and possessed of an extravagant beauty. Giraffes with necks like tall trees laden with fruit share landscape with fat, waddling sea-birds, squat, jewel-like turtles, sinuous snakes, polychrome monkeys, and beings at some disturbing middle distance between animals and men. There are small creatures everywhere—an infinite fecundity of life is here being celebrated, hard and clear, without sentimentality. Trees bear black fruit beneath blue suns, rocks and moons are cut open like agate to reveal an inner geometry of beauty. Animals stare directly at the beholder, startled but unblinking, declaring kinship: often too they are locked violently together in an ambiguaus act of death or love, with only fountains of blood erupting like flowers to suggest the final issue. There is beauty in this world, and tranquility—as if Eden were recreated as a place—but it is a peculiar African kind of innocence that can include death and terror, staged in a universe whose sky, hung with multiple suns like the shields of Masai warriors, looks down impassively on what happens below. This artist works almost entirely in closed patterns: even his wildest skies, when they open beyond the frame of a picture, open with lines that imply their own ultimate union. His version of violence is curiously harmonious—it is never a singular, aberrant event—for its rhythms are reflected in the trees, the rocks, the flowers, the skies; and those same rhythms control the pictures that concern an ideal serenity, and give them a fine masculine strength. The violence, the eroticism, the stillness, all are one—a unitive vision (in something of the mystic's sense of that term) of the forces that lie beneath nature and are its truth. His art is closer to impersonation than to imitation—it is everywhere anthropomorphic—for it proceeds as do primitive dancers in ritual animal dances, incorporating themselves into the objects of their fear or desire.

Mr. Allen was born in Nairobi, Africa, on March 11, 1936. He was educated at Oxford, has lived in Italy, and served two years as an Instructor of French and Italian at Stanford University. He now devotes himself entirely to painting. His art is wholly self-taught. He uses paint with great depth and intensity, in techniques that are curiously intuitively modern: pattern alone creates his perspective, for the color is always strong, vibrant, hard-edged; there are no shadows, no atmospherics. The sophisticated viewer, confronting his work for the first time, may be reminded now of psychedelic art, now of Henri Rousseau, now of Persian miniatures, *art nouveau*, or the rhythms of watered silk, but all these finally fail as categories of attributions of influence: his is not an eclectic art, but a wholly original one, and it excites the interest of an extraordinarily varied group of collectors. It asks only an openness, a willingness to look. Mr. Allen's paintings are handled exclusively by the Vorpal Galleries in San Francisco.

V. A. KOLVE.

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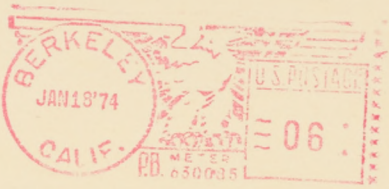
The artist has made a 33 x 24″ signed and numbered color lithograph of "Birds in a Brewing Storm: Late Afternoon".

504AV4



Mr. & Mrs. James Dickie

P. O. Box 25

Carmel Valley, California 93924

The Friends of The Bancroft Library
cordially invites you to see
the Charles Laughton movie version of

HARRY LEON WILSON'S

Ruggles of Red Gap

in Wheeler Auditorium, U.C. Berkeley,
at 2:30 p.m. February 10, 1974.
Immediately following there will be
an exhibition in The Bancroft Library of
manuscripts & books by Harry Leon Wilson
and a reception to honor his son and
daughter, Leon and Charis Wilson,
donors of the collection.

Exhibition through March 9.
Library hours: Monday to Friday 9 to 5
Saturday 1 to 5; closed February 18.

Harry Leon Wilson from a sketch
by Booth Tarkington.

2-22-75 Aptos

Dear Jean,

I'm looking fwd to July + the Monterey museum. Since that gives me an excint reason to tootle over there, I'll ask you again for the name of the painting auction place or person you told me (long since) about in New Monterey — (in old Green place??) I've never done any thing about these pics that came from Ocean Home (+ family) + I must get rid of them.

When I drove Rachel up to Humboldt @ new years, Noel + Ina had just spent a vacation cleaning out "the box room" and there -- among other treasures -- was your Whale's Eye which I now have regarding me as I write. Have you thought of showing this to the Whale-preservation Soc. that is now trying to save the Whales? (along w/ a brief desc. of contents) It has a hypnotic accusative effect, and might well have the makings of a Great Stamp (wch is not meant to be insulting.)

Other news is that the M.O.M.A. Weston show is luring me east even tho I detest cold weather. Rachel is flying to Athens @ end of Mar, so I feel it too good a chance to miss and we are going to fly together, might coach on the 22nd Mar and see the show before she heads Greece-ward on the 26th. I'll stay and visit Leon & Kinder a while, then go to Fla. & visit My ex-step-papa before coming back. Isn't that wild? Haven't been anywhere for so long! I'm not sure I can stand the excitement. Regards to Jim! Love Ev

Pine Trees, American, detail from a Pennsylvania coverlet, late eighteenth century. Double cloth, cotton and wool. Philadelphia Museum of Art. Given by Mrs. William D. Frishmuth

CHARIS WILSON
107 Farley Drive
Aptos, Calif. 95003

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE
PM
1 FEB
1975
95003

Jean Kellogg Dickie
P O Box 25
Carmel Valley
CA 93924

Paris Wilson
~~Byrd and Phyllis Helligas~~
435 E. McKinley Avenue
Sunnyvale, CA 94086

SAN FRANCISCO CA 941 88
PM
29 DEC
1986

12-28-86

Jean Kellogg Dickie
428 Monroe St #2
Monterey, CA 93940

Dear Jean -
How sad and difficult for you to set life up again on a different track. I hope things are settling into place for you and that you are getting on with your own life now. It seems to me you have spent far more time caring for others than should be the reasonable allotment. I just hope you haven't forgotten how to live for yourself. Hope to see you one of these days. love Paris